THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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OUR PICTURES.

WE want some of our readers to make a careful study of our first picture, and then write a short article about the girl who is looking so pleasantly from behind the door. If they will tell us what they think she is looking at, and thinking about, and going to do, we will try to print at least one of the articles. Let them look sharp, and then write what they think. We would like to know what the picture suggests to them.

Our second picture suggests to us many things, but we will mention only one of them. It brings to our mind first of all the saying of Scripture, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." When the farmer sows grain in the spring he does not once think that he will reap any other kind than that which he sows. If he sows oats, he expects to reap oats; if he sows barley, he expects to reap barley; if he sows wheat, he expects to reap wheat. He also expects to reap more than he sows, and in this he is seldom disappointed. It is just the same in life; what we sow we are sure to reap. If we sow good habits, we are sure to reap good habits; if we sow bad habits, we are sure to reap bad habits, and we are almost sure to reap more than we have sown.

For The Dayspring.

A LIFE WORTH LIVING.

BY LORAINE BUCKLIN.

THERE is a part of England called Staffordshire, where for a great many years the principal industry of the people has been the manufacture of all kinds of earthenware for domestic purposes. One hundred and fifty years ago it was a bleak and barren country, with but few inhabitants, who gained a scanty living by the sale of earthenware made of clay found so abundantly in the soil. This earthenware was of poor quality, and the roads leading from one village to another were always in bad condition, so that it was difficult to carry these wares from place to place to sell them.

In one of these villages, named Burslem, in 1730, there was born a boy named Josiah Wedgwood, who by a life of industry and perseverance gave to his native place a world-wide reputation, and to its inhabitants an industry that to-day supports 60,000 work-people in comfort, and has covered an extent of country eight miles long and six miles wide with 150 kilns, giving to the place the name of "The Potteries." Besides these benefits to others he gained for himself an honored name and great wealth, which he rightly used. The story of such a life is always profitable to study, because it teaches what power lies in a determined will and untiring work, even under the most discouraging circumstances. Josiah Wedgwood was the youngest of six children. His father carried on the potter's trade, which he had learnt from his own father; and the little Josiah, doubtless, while too young to go to school, played about the works, and perhaps watched the workmen with childish delight as they shaped the different articles on the swift-

turning potter's wheel. With bits of refuse clay he possibly tried to shape a cup or dish for himself, and even in his sport foretold his own future. When seven years old he went to a school in Newcastle, a village three miles from his home. This distance he walked daily with his brothers, and, although naturally delicate, bore the fatigue as well as did his companions. He often amused his schoolmates by cutting with the scissors out of paper all sorts of figures,—houses and gardens, fleets of ships at sea, armies in combat, and animals,—showing thus early his wonderful talent for construction. When he was nine years of age, his father died, leaving a large family and very little property. His mother found it impossible under these circumstances to keep Josiah at school, and when he was but ten years old he was apprenticed to a potter in the neighborhood. In the long evenings after his work he however still studied the books within his reach, and although he could no longer attend school he did not stop learning wherever and whenever he could. While yet a lad, and but a few years after he commenced his apprenticeship, he was very ill with small-pox. This sickness left him lame with a stiff leg and knee, and from this trouble he never obtained relief.

When twenty-one years of age Wedgwood received twenty pounds as his share of his father's estate, and commenced business for himself, with Mr. Thomas Whidden of Burslem as a partner. Wedgwood had already gained a reputation as a skilful workman, and the articles made at his shop were readily sold. Now when he felt that he was, after years of hard work, fairly started in business, he was again attacked by disease, and for two years was confined to his room. He however made good use of this time in studying the best works on chemistry and mineralogy he could obtain, even copying entire some of the books which were loaned him, and which he thought he might need for future reference. When he was again able to leave his room and enter into active business life, we find him better prepared than ever to improve the quality of goods made in his factory. As his means were not large he was obliged to content himself with making small articles, such as tiles, pickle-leaves, snuff-boxes, and knife-hafts, in imitation of agate. Among other things he made honey-cups, opening in the middle, and so perfectly veined and colored as to be exact imitations of small melons. Benjamin Franklin, when in England, in 1757, saw and admired these cups so much that he bought several of them, and sent them to Philadelphia as a gift to his wife.

Nowadays, when silver spoons only are used, it seems odd to read that Wedgwood made china spoons and ladles which were universally admired for their beauty.

When thirty years old he was every year gaining in reputation for honesty and fair dealing, and was considered one of the best masters in his profession. To say that a dish or plate came from his factory was equal to saying that it was exactly what it claimed to be, and people paid the price asked for it without hesitation, knowing that Wedgwood only demanded a fair return for his labor.

In 1765 he received an order from the Queen, for a dinner service made of a cream-colored ware which he had brought to great perfection, and which after this was called Queen's ware. From this time Wedgwood china became the fashion in England, and every kind of personal ornament, even, was made of it. It was worn in breast-pins, ear-rings, finger-rings, and bracelets. The Queen carried, when she went to the

theatre, an opera glass and a fan of Wedgwood ware. Houses were decorated with it, — chimney-pieces, after designs by the most celebrated artists, being one of the special works at the large factory of Mr. Wedgwood, called Etruria, and built near Burslem. It soon became necessary to open a store in London to meet the demand for his goods, and here, in 1775, he exhibited the dinner service made for the Empress of Russia. This consisted of so many pieces that five large rooms were required for its exhibition, and such crowds went to see it that the street in front of the building was blocked with carriages, and people waited for hours to gain an entrance. In the midst of this brilliant success, Wedgwood was as unassuming and simple in his manners as when he began life in the little village of Burslem. Indeed, his strongest characteristics were simplicity, modesty, indomitable energy, and untiring industry. He lived for many years before his death at Etruria Hall, a splendid residence near his factories in Burslem. It was filled with objects of art, and here Wedgwood extended a hospitality, hearty and genuine, to the best society in England, — best in the truest sense, for Wedgwood valued true nobility and intelligence, and selected his friends from those who were eminent for their virtue, learning, and talent. He had cultivated his own mind and taste to a rare degree, and could enjoy the society which gathered about him of artists and literary men.

When we remember that Wedgwood at twenty-one was only worth twenty pounds, the estate left by him at his death in 1795, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, seems enormous, earned as it was by his own unaided efforts. Beside his magnificent home and factories he left to his family nearly two hundred thousand pounds, a sum equal to a million dollars of our currency; but far better than all this wealth was the example he gave of success won by honest dealing and hard work. It ought to encourage and help all who hope to earn for themselves an honorable place in the world.

LETTERS FROM A GRANDMOTHER.

III.

MY DEAR CHILDREN, — In the West Indies the colored children are generally very poor and ignorant, but some of them are intelligent and desire to improve themselves. One boy of fourteen had read and studied, and it was very amusing to hear him, with his imperfect speech and thick lips, tell how there was a great college near Boston, how Lynn was celebrated for shoemaking, and Beverly for fishing. America was the land of their dreams: they believed the streets were paved with gold. This boy came one day to say that the mate of a vessel had offered to take him to New York. Great was his delight. He knew nobody, and we gave him a note to a very kind gentleman, the President of the Children's Aid Society. So, when he landed, he trudged through the city to this gentleman's office, and how he must have been astonished at the big buildings and the new sights on every side! Finding he looked bright and wide-awake, the gentleman asked him what he wanted to do; and he said, to be like Benjamin Franklin, a printer. He had read his life, you see. So he was sent to a printer's office. There he gave satisfaction, so that in a day or two the printer asked him where he lived, and he replied, on board the ship with the mate. The gentleman told him he might come to his house in Brooklyn. In a short time he sent him to Cornell University to

be educated. There he graduated with distinction, and is now a useful member of society. This is all true, and is as wonderful as the story you have read of Whittington, who from a cook's drudge became Lord Mayor of London.

The sh lls in some of these islands are very beautiful. There are great quantities of *conch* shells called *strombus*, very pink inside. When caught, they run a sharp iron into one end to thrust out the living occupant. Then they sell the animal part on trays through the streets for eating, and you find loads of the shells on the beach. They use them for bordering to their gardens, and for borders to the lots in their graveyards. But the fishes are most peculiar and gay, every color of the rainbow, — scarlet, crimson, bright blue, orange, golden, and deep brown; and a boat-load still glittering from the water is a most gay and fascinating sight, and they are excellent eating.

The flowers are very odd. Lilies are about four feet high, growing from a bulb, and the most lovely rosy pink; and each flower is at least seven inches across or twenty-two inches round. Morning-glories are as large as a saucer.

The vine called Belle apple has the fruit and flower at the same time, — the fruit delicious orange-color, and the flower lilac.

But there are new and strange sights on every side, and I should like to tell you more about them.

YOUR LOVING GRANDMAMMA.

MIND the little things. A word, a look, a frown, are little things, yet powerful for good or for evil. Acts deemed unimportant may be the foundation of inveterate and powerful habits. Great things compel attention; but little matters are too easily overlooked.

For The Dayspring.

THE GREAT VELOCIPEDE RACE.

BY LIDA C. TULLOCK.

ALONG the quiet shady street
One hears the sound of many feet,
As children come with hurried pace
To see the great velocipede race.
Lassies, lads, of every age,
More than a looker-on can gauge,
Push each other on every side;
Part brothers and sisters far and wide,
As on the curb-stone's edge to stand,
They strive with eager foot and hand.
All agree that the chosen street,
Smooth paved with concrete hard and neat,
Is, for the race, "the tallest course
That can be found from any source."
Their tones oft rise to a perfect roar,
As they await the hour of four
(For then the race is to begin),
One scarce can hear, such is the din.
All eyes are fastened on a gate
Behind whose bars the riders wait.
They too are eager for the hour
Which shall decide their strength and power;
There's Joe and John, Arthur and Will,
Tom, Harry, Ned, and black-eyed Phil.
(This last was called the pet of the girls,
For his graceful ways and short dark curls!
And I think if they had judged the race
He 'd have won the prize, whate'er his place.)
But hark! What sound falls on the ear?
The hour strikes, and a hearty cheer
Ascends, as the gate is opened wide,
And out come the steeds with steady stride.
Eight velocipedes stand in line,
All but one in full glory shine.
All but one are painted anew,
And decked with scarlet, gold, or blue.
The shabby one of faded red
And dull, worn wheels belongs to Ned,
For he has not, like the other boys,
Money to brighten up his toys.
Gay Phil calls forth a hearty laugh
As he teases Ned with boyish chaff,
And seems to think it useless quite
To pit such steed 'gainst his so bright.
"Hi! Ned, how much is paint a pound,
Why didn't you get enough to go round?

Say, boys, does n't it hurt your eyes?
'Tis sure, I think, to take the prize.
Be careful not to get it soiled
For then its splendor would be spoiled."
However, Ned is of sturdy stock,
Not to be moved by laugh or mock;
He takes his station with the rest,
Resolved to do his level best.
"One, two, three!" cries the judge. "Hooray!"
"They are off!" "Stand back!" "Clear the way!"
The sixteen sturdy legs move fast,
Urging the wheels. As they fly past
The spokes are lost unto the eye;
Only the hubs and tires flash by.
"O see! What's up with Will and Joe?
Their wheels have locked! Over they go!"
Now John and Harry are behind,
Only four in the race we find.
Alas! Poor Tom is giving out,
And leaves the track 'mid a mocking shout.
So black-eyed Phil, Arthur, and Ned
Have the race to themselves. "Who's ahead?"
"Why, Phil, of course, he'll get the prize
You bet. I see it in his eyes."
"Brace up there, Arthur, don't get beat!"
"Look out there, Ned!" are words that greet
The racing lads as on they go
Past eager faces, row on row.
Arthur toils hard and so does Phil,
Ned works with steady, quiet will,
But "Arthur or Phil" the voices cry,
When Arthur haps to turn his eye
Toward his pretty cousin Nell,
Forgets to steer, and with a yell,
Falls from his steed at Nellie's feet,
And knocks his head upon the street.
So Phil and Ned are now alone,
The end is near, and I must own
It looks as if the former lad
The prize will gain. The boy is mad!
He swings his cap, slackens his pace,
And cries, "Aha! I've won the race!
How are you, Ned? And how's your steed?
I guess he needs a little feed."
Ned sees that now has come his chance,
Takes in the distance with a glance,
Makes a great spurt, gains Philip's side.
"Look out, young Philip, in your pride
Be not too sure, but mind your eye!
I told you so, see, Ned's gone by!"
One wild endeavor Philip makes,
Jerks at his steed and — something breaks.
Down goes the boaster, heels o'er head,
While all that's left of eight is Ned,
With lifted cap and hand to greet
The judge so grave on the judge's seat.
"Three cheers for Ned!" cries generous Phil,
And all respond with hearty will.
The girls with wreaths and garlands gay
Deck his worn steed in bright array,
And o'er his curly locks of brown
Place with great care the victor's crown.
With boyish shame his cheeks are dyed,
But mark his eyes, they dance with pride.
The prize — a shapely bat and ball —
Is now bestowed by Carrie Hall.
Then to Phil's barn the way is led
Where on long tables there is spread
A feast of goodies, cakes, and tarts,
Nuts, raisins, apples, candy hearts,
In tempting heaps and plates arrayed,
And all washed down with lemonade.
We'll leave the lads and lassies here
Eating the good and welcome cheer,
Fit ending to the famous race,
In which Ned won the foremost place.

MORAL.

Must I to this a moral tack?
I will, lest it some point should lack.
It is not he with airs and grace,
Who wins life's all-important race,
But he, who, like my hero Ned,
Turns ever to the goal his head,
Lets nought beside his notice claim,
But makes the prize his only aim.

EXAMPLE has been compared to a watch, one of which set right will answer to try many by; but, on the other hand, one that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole neighborhood. The same may be said of individuals.

THERE is no surer way of being well thought of than by deserving well. "You have a little world around you," wrote Daniel Webster to an early friend; "fill it with good deeds, and you will fill it with your own glory."

A LETTER FROM COUSIN ANNIE.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS, — Who has the pleasantest and happiest home you know? I fancy I can hear several among you answer at once, "Oh, Tom and Mary Smith have the pleasantest, — such a beautiful house, and every thing so nice in it! And the garden is the finest in town, and they have two horses and carriages, and oh, such lots of things!" — And then I can't help hoping I should hear some one say after a moment, "But I think my home is the best home I ever saw, even if we have a small house, with no horse or garden at all. I wouldn't change with Tom and Mary Smith. We all love one another dearly." — Yes, that is the main thing, after all. Now I wonder if you ever stop to think how much the happiness of your whole family depends upon *just you*, — a boy or girl of eight, ten, or thirteen years old? Boys and girls are apt to think that they have only to enjoy the homes their fathers and mothers provide for them. But I have seen even a child of six or eight years old completely spoil a pleasant home. A child is a very important member of a family always, and must always do a great deal to make a home either pleasant or uncomfortable. You cannot help it if you would. I will tell you something about a little girl of twelve years old, — a true story of a real little girl, whom, perhaps, some of you know; she lives not far from either Boston or Worcester. She is the only child in a family of five grown-up people, who all love her dearly, and do every thing to make her happy, but I have long thought she did not at all realize how very much she had to do with the comfort and pleasantness of the home; I mean how much it depended on her, — the youngest person in the family, — whether the home was a pleasant and happy one. She is a very dear friend of mine, and she wrote me a long letter just at the beginning of vacation. She writes very good letters indeed. There is seldom a word wrongly spelled, and she tells me about her school, about the interesting books she has read, about the picnic she went to, and just the things I want to hear about. And in her last letter she says, "Oh dear, what shall I do with myself all this vacation? I 've nobody to play with, and the days are so long, and I get *so* lonesome, I feel sometimes as if I should fly. I think it 's just horrid to live all alone with so many grown-up folks! Can't you think, Cousin Annie, of something that I can do?" So I answered her letter immediately, and suggested various things in the way of fancy-work that she could do; and I sent her two "Christian Registers" which had some excellent hints about how to spend vacations, which I advise you all to read, even though this long summer vacation is over. Then I told her that she would notice that I had made haste to answer her letter and had taken a good deal of pains to reply very fully to her request, because I was really afraid, by her own account, she must be a very uncomfortable member of her family, and I was sure she would not like to think they were all wishing school would begin again so as to be rid of her.

Now, Johnnie, Nellie, Frank, which are you doing, brightening, or spoiling your home? Would you like to think your friends are glad when you are at home, or away from home?

FROM COUSIN ANNIE.

SEPT. 12, 1880.

TRUE wisdom is to know what is best worth knowing, and to do what is best worth doing.

NOTHING FINISHED.

ONCE I had the curiosity to look into a little girl's work-box. And what do you suppose I found? Well, in the first place, I found a "bead purse," about half done; there was, however, no prospect of its ever being finished, for the needles were out, and the silk upon the spools all tangled. Laying this aside, I took up a nice piece of perforated paper, upon which was wrought one lid of a Bible, and beneath it the words "I love;" but what she loved was left for me to conjecture. Beneath the Bible lid I found a sock, evidently commenced for some baby foot; but it had come to a stand just upon the little heel, and there it seemed doomed to remain. Near to the sock was a needle-book, one cover of which was neatly made, and upon the other, partly finished, was marked, "To my dear." I need not, however, tell you all that I found there. But this much I can say, that during my travels through that work-box I found not a single article complete; and, mute as they were, these half-finished, forsaken things told me a sad story about that little girl. They told me that, with a heart full of generous affection, with a head full of useful and pretty projects, all of which she had both the means and skill to carry into effect, she was still a useless child. It was not a want of industry, but a want of perseverance. Remember, my dear little friends, that it matters but little what great things we undertake. Our glory is not that, but in what we accomplish. Nobody in the world cares for what we mean to do; but everybody will open their eyes, by and by, to see what men and women and little children have done.— *Scattered Seeds.*

THE top of the ladder is not reached without effort.

HUMOROUS.

WHEN is a small fish-pond like a bird-cage? When there is a perch in it.

Why are your nose and chin constantly at variance? Because words are continually passing between them.

"I wonder what God will say when he sees that balloon coming," said a New Haven urchin as he saw a balloonist going up toward the stars.

"Pa," said a little four-year-old, "there's a man out there that would give any thing to see you." "Who is it, my son?" "It is a blind man."

Professor (looking at his watch). — "As we have a few minutes, I should like to have any one ask questions, if so disposed." Student. — "What time is it, please?"

"What is the best remedy," asked a preacher of a shrewd observer, "for an inattentive audience?" "Give them something to attend to," was the significant reply. "Hungry sheep will look up to the rack if there is hay in it."

Tommy had finished saying his prayers the other night, and was sitting on the bed with his arms clasped around his knees, when he interrogated his nurse in this wise: "Mary, why do we always say amen? why don't we sometimes say a sheep, a dog, a horse, a cow?"

A minister was questioning his Sunday School concerning the story of Eutychus, — the young man who, listening to the preaching of the apostle Paul, fell asleep, and, falling down, was taken up dead. "What," he said, "do we learn from this solemn event?" when the reply from a little girl came pat and prompt, "Please sir, ministers should learn not to preach too long sermons."

For The Dayspring.

FLOSSIE.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

M-A-A, M-a!

This sound reached Fred's ears, a moonlight night in midsummer, just as he was tucked into bed. It was not a baby's cry; it certainly was not "Ba-a!" according to the story-books; but Fred started up, and clapped his hands.

"That's my lamb come, mamma, I'm sure it is! Let me get dressed again, won't you?"

"Not to-night, dear," said mamma, putting her hand gently on his shoulder, and making him lie down; "but I'll go and see about it, if you like, and come back and tell you."

This satisfied Fred; and mamma soon returned with her report. Sure enough, the promised pet lamb had arrived. The farmer who had owned her was just driving out of the yard, having brought her in his wagon, and deposited her at the barn door. She was two or three months old. She did not seem afraid, but she looked up in the lady's face in an entreating way, and uttered her pitiful little bleat again.

"Poor lammie! Are you lonely? Do you want your mamma?" said a kind voice; and a soft hand patted the little head. A saucer of sweet milk proved quite acceptable, and when lammie had lapped it all up she cuddled down in her bed of soft hay, and went to sleep.

Fred was delighted when he saw her next morning, and found her so gentle and pretty. For a few days she was tied in the shade of a large elm, lest she should stray away; but she was easily wonted to her new home and grateful for petting. She soon learned to crop grass, and had plenty of sweet clover and buttercups. Fred named her Flossie, and it was not long before she would answer and run to meet him.

She grew plump, and, ere long, clumsy, so that it was very amusing to see her play and jump. She would lift all her feet from the ground at once, and come down like a bag of meal.

She liked to feed from her friends' hands, and was very fond of milk-biscuits. When the doors stood open in warm weather she would patter along through the kitchen and entry, and if not promptly stopped, find her way into the dining-room and pantry and help herself. One day she was found in great contentment devouring an apple-pie. But when any one happened to hear her it was always easy to coax her out by holding a milk-biscuit a few inches from her mouth. She was never cheated. It was always given her when she reached the door-step.

Whenever it rained she would run up on the kitchen veranda, and creep between the pump and the wall of the house.

She was quite social with the cats, and they with her, purring around her, and rubbing themselves against her. She formed a close friendship with a young heifer, and a droll pair they made, as they browsed and played together and lay down side by side. Flossie would go into the stalls beside the horses, walk all around them, and pick up scattered kernels of corn, and they never lifted a hoof to harm her, but would reach down their noses to her woolly side with an air of welcome and assurance.

After a time the heifer was sold; and then Flossie made friends with a Newfoundland puppy belonging to a neighbor. The two would play together by the hour. If the dog barked at her or pretended to

bite her, she would bunt with her head, and chase him off; and when tired of play they would lie down side by side and take a nap.

She was not afraid of any thing, even strange dogs. One day a large Newfoundland came to the house with a lady who called to see Fred's mother. He followed her in, and Flossie happened to be standing near the porch when he came out. He had probably never seen a sheep before, and did not know what to make of her. She went towards him, as if to greet him in neighborly fashion, and the huge dog actually darted back, and crept behind his mistress!

"For shame, Maje!" said she, "to be afraid of a sheep."

But no coaxing could induce him to leave his retreat till he saw that his mistress was going home. Then he made a great bound and rushed past Flossie, giving her as wide a berth as possible, and looking out at her from the shelter of the lady's dress, with a most comical expression of fear and perplexity. This dog was not wanting in courage when at home and on duty; and I would not have believed it of any dog of his size and strength had I not seen it. But this is a true story.

Once Flossie was assailed by a bull-dog, and severely bitten in her face and leg before he could be driven off. The poor creature rushed into the house, bleeding profusely, and, just within the door, fell on her knees, almost fainting with pain and terror. It was thought at first she would die. But Ryan, the hired man, brought a pail of water and a sponge and washed her wounds carefully and gently; and then Fred's mother, with Ryan's assistance, dressed them with laudanum, cream, and plantain leaves. Of course, it would not be safe for her to lap the laudanum, but both her leg and face were bound up with soft, old cloth; the head bandage somewhat resembled a mask, leaving her eyes, ears, nose, and mouth free. In less than half an hour she ceased moaning and went to sleep, the laudanum having quieted the pain. It was not many days before she was quite well, and more affectionate than ever.

One day Fred's mother had been riding horseback, and as she came up the hill, she saw Flossie standing at the top waiting for her as a dog would. When she turned into the door-yard, Flossie turned too, and actually cantered beside Fanny all the way to the house. She was so praised and petted for this that she repeated the compliment several times.

She would run after Fred's wagon or sled, seeming to enjoy the fun as well as he did. One day she tried to follow the sleigh, but finding the horse went too fast for her, gave it up, and stood at the top of the hill, bleating her indignant protest.

When spring came again, Fred often went with his mother for a long ramble in the woods. The way was very pleasant, through the orchard south of the house, and down a green lane, over a brook and hill, across a pasture, and then into woods of pine and birch, full of fragrance and bird-music, and half-encircling a large, beautiful lake.

A lovely afternoon they started to take their favorite walk. When part way down the lane, they heard Flossie's bleat, and found that she and Topsy, the black cat, were following. They tried to send them home because the walk was so long; but when Fred ran towards Flossie, clapping his hands and telling her to go home, she would run a little way, wait till she saw them walking on, and then turn and bound after them as fast as she could. They tried

several times, but found it no use; so the two pets trotted along together, a comical pair, for Topsy was a very small cat, black as a coal, except her face and paws; and white Flossie by this time had grown so huge and clumsy, with wool at least eight inches long, that she looked like an animated cotton-bale.

When Fred and his mother crossed the brook, picking their way from stone to stone (there was no bridge), Flossie hesitated. She did not like to cross, and stood, the picture of bewilderment, bleating, and looking from one to another, while Topsy's little feet pattered over the wet stones. But when Flossie found that Fred really was not going to turn back, she gave a great bound across and came down like an avalanche, her whole demeanor saying plainly, —

"Beat that, who can!"

All the way over the hill and through the woods she followed with Topsy, but she grew tired; she would stop and bleat. When they called her name she seemed encouraged and trotted on. They stopped several times and waited for her to eat grass and sorrel, but she came home very tired.

Do you know that in Eastern countries sheep are never driven, but led? A traveller, thinking the flock knew the shepherd's clothes rather than his voice, requested an Eastern shepherd to exchange with him, and try the experiment. The man was quite willing, but assured the traveller that it was the voice. So it proved. The stranger, clad in the shepherd's garments, could not induce the sheep to follow him a step; but the moment the shepherd called them, though wearing strange apparel, the whole flock ran to him.

He wears a long robe, and in the warm folds over his breast, he often carries a lamb, when he finds one feeble and wearied. When a sheep has strayed from the flock he seeks it over hill and valley, by day and night, till it is found. And if one falls into a pit or snare, he reaches down his long crook and gently lifts it out.

Fred's mother told him of this while Flossie followed on, so patient though so weary, and he understood better than ever before how Christ is the Good Shepherd, feeding his flock in green pastures and by still waters, carrying the lambs in his arms.

Flossie's first shearing was an event in the family history. The poor creature had been wandering about for three or four days, puffing and panting, even in the shade of the wide-branching elms, before old Peter Grey, a neighboring Jack-at-all-trades, made his appearance, armed with a huge pair of shears. The family conclave was gathered on the grass in the orchard; for it took the entire household to wait on Madam Flossie, soothe away her fears, and convince her that these strange proceedings were for her good. She naturally enough had her doubts on the subject of this sudden disrobing; but she was not tied or in any way roughly treated. Fred held her affectionately in his arms, while her head rested on his mother's lap. Grandma and Willie sat near by, coaxing and reassuring; while Katy, every now and then, appeared on the scene, with a word of cheer "for the puir baste," though "it's fryin' doughnuts she was, and mustn't stay a minit, or the botherin' fat 'ud be over the stove entirely!"

In half an hour or so, the task was accomplished, and Flossie, looking rather grotesque and forlorn, but relieved of much weight and warmth, was led into the barn and placed in a snug corner out of the way

of draughts, lest she should take cold. There she was left with a plentiful supper, and next morning was as merry as ever.

Flossie is now six or seven years old. Her home is on a large farm where Fred and Willie can see her any time that they choose to ride in that direction. But her present owner is a little invalid girl, who loves her dearly and thinks her just the prettiest pet in the world. She was given to her with the proviso that she should *never* be turned into mutton, but allowed to live out the full measure of her days. So the question of how long a sheep's natural life may be is in a fair way to be solved.

For The Dayspring.

LITTLE THINGS.

We need not wait for lofty things
Of greatest good, to do,
We've but to stand, and patient be—
Do *little* things, and few.

If He, thy Father, chooses so,
Perchance 'twill come to be,
The smallest deeds done in His name,
That will bring Heaven to thee.

A. D. D.

Some years ago, William Cullen Bryant received a letter, as editor of the *Evening Post*, which was written by a servant-girl, yet so simply and beautifully expressed that he and some of his literary friends were interested to learn how she had acquired such an admirable style. On questioning her, she told him she had a dread of spelling words wrong; and when she undertook to write any thing, if a word suggested itself to her which she could not spell, she selected another which she was sure she could spell right. This was the secret of her pure and simple style.

For The Dayspring.

ST. WOLFGANG'S ECHO.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

Somewhere among the mountains of Germany there was once a chapel, in which there lived a pious hermit called St. Wolfgang. The German peasants thought he was a wonderful man, and perhaps he was. All we know about him is contained in a short bit of tradition, and that tells us that when St. Wolfgang died his humble cottage was haunted by an echo. Some people imagined that St. Wolfgang's ghost lived there, and that it repeated the words that were shouted loudly from the valley below. Be that as it may, the rustics of the country would often go there, and shout out whole sentences, and, wonderful to tell, at the distance they were from the little cot, there would be ample time for a whole sentence to travel up through the air before the first word got back. Then, word by word it would all come. Each word that a person at the foot of the mountain sent out of his mouth, dropped back and entered his ears.

It is not often that our words come back to us in such a way that we hear them over again; and yet they always come back. When I read the legend of St. Wolfgang I wondered what the effect would be if somewhere in the sky, at about the height of the mountain on which St. Wolfgang's cottage stood, there should be something placed all round the earth that should give an echo, so that each person should be compelled to hear every word that he speaks, repeated in his ears a moment after. Just think of such a thing. Suppose that each time a boy was angry, and began to send into the air a whirlwind of bad words, he should the next moment find all his ugly words dropping right back into his two ears — coming to

him as the stone that he throws into the air comes down again to the ground. I wonder if some of his words would not hurt him as much as a stone would, if it should hit him on the head after he had thrown it. St. Wolfgang was a German saint. Perhaps we have no such wonderful saints, and few such wonderful echoes in this country; but have we no echoes at all? Are none of the words that are spoken all around us repeated by the airy tongue of that shy ghost of dead sound — echo? Yes we have plenty of echoes in our country. Every little boy and girl in the world is a living echo. Let a big boy or a nice young lady say something that sounds smart, and how soon will the little brother or sister that hears the smart saying repeat it! There is where the echo comes. But are words the only things that are echoed? Oh no. There are all sorts of echoes almost everywhere. The boy who runs away from home to live in a tent in the woods, or to be the captain of a boat's crew of other boys, bent on wild adventure, is only the echo of certain very silly books in yellow covers, sold at a dime each. The barefooted stub-smoker, who sleeps in a drygoods-box, is only the echo of some spruce drygoods clerk, who has smoked the other end of the cigar on the street. But can't the person stir without causing an echo? No. There is always an echo to every thing a body says or does, and even a thought sometimes goes echoing clear round the world. Sooner or later these echoes come back to us. Our bad words and bad deeds return to make us unhappy. Our good ones come back to make us happy. A little boy once read the passage, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." He dreamed that he was on the shore of a lake, and that he amused himself by skipping crackers as far as he could on the smooth water, when by and by, to his great surprise, they came skipping back, — great loaves of bread. We don't hear the echo of our words, as people are said to hear the echo of theirs, at the foot of the mountain, below St. Wolfgang's cottage; but rest assured, sooner or later, we shall hear from them all. They will come back, either like the little boy's loaves of bread, to bless us, or like stones thrown into the air so high that they hurt terribly when they hit the person who threw them; they will come back to hurt us, and bad deeds and bad words always hit the one they come from some time or other.

GENERAL HARRISON AND WINE.

A PENNSYLVANIA lady tells that when General Harrison was running for the Presidency, he stopped at the old Washington-House in Chester for dinner. After dinner was served, it was noticed that the General pledged his toast in water, and one of the gentlemen from New York, in offering another, said, "General, will you not favor me by drinking a glass of wine?" The General refused in a very gentlemanly manner. Again he was urged to join in a glass of wine. This was too much. He rose from the table, his tall form erect, and in the most dignified manner replied: "Gentlemen, I have refused twice to partake of the wine-cup. That should have been sufficient. Though you press the cup to my lips, not a drop shall pass the portals. I made a resolve when I started in life that I would avoid strong drink, and I have never broken it. I am one of a class of seventeen young men who graduated, and the other sixteen fill drunkards' graves, — all through the pernicious habit of wine drinking. I owe all my health, happiness, and prosperity to that resolution. Will you urge me now?" — *Selected.*

For The Dayspring.

BESSIE'S OFFERING.

BY TANNIE M. SCANDLIN.

It was a warm Sabbath morning. The bells across the green were ringing sweetly, seeming to tell that all the world was blessed in purity and peace. Not far from the quiet church, that lifted its spire above the little village, stood the happy home of Bessie Sommers. She was an only child, and the four years of her little life had brought much joy to her parents.

Bessie was sitting in the garden under a spreading elm, watching the bees as they gathered honey from flower to flower, and wondering what they were doing in church where papa and mamma had gone. Nestling in her chubby arms was Snowball, a wee white kitten, the pet and play-fellow of golden-haired Bessie. It was plain that some new idea had taken possession of the child's mind, for the usually merry face was now grave and thoughtful. "Snowball," she at last exclaimed, holding the kitten up before her, "don't you 'member what mamma said the other day 'bout God's loving the booful flowers? Well, now, don't you think we'd better take these white lilies from our garden over to God 'fore he has time to get out of church and back to Heaven?" A contented purr, purr, from pussy told how fully she shared the feelings of her mistress; and soon the golden head of Bessie and the frolicsome little kitten were lost among the grasses and lilies.

In the church across the way the bells had some time since ceased ringing, and within all was hushed and still, as the last notes of the organ died away. An elderly man, with snowy hair and a kind fatherly face, rose, and in a solemn voice began to read for the morning lesson those beautiful words from the sixth chapter of Matthew, beginning at the twenty-eighth verse: "And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." A moment's silence followed, broken only by the soft patter of tiny feet, while a little girl, dressed in white, clasping a bunch of beautiful white lilies in one hand and a wee white kitten in the other, came tiptoeing up the aisle. Entirely innocent of the many eyes fixed upon her, she climbed the pulpit stairs, and holding them out to the kind old man softly said, "Peese, God, Snowball and I's picked all these booful lilies for you, cause mamma said you loved white lilies very much; and we's runned all the way and is very, very sleepy." So saying, the curly head dropped lower and lower, as the old man took her tenderly in his arms and laid the sleeping little one on the sofa at his back; then, turning to the hushed congregation and holding the childish offering in his hand, he continued in a voice made tremulous by emotion, "'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'" Then closing the Bible and lifting up his aged eyes to Heaven, he prayed that God would bless the bearer of the lilies, and grant that her life might be as pure and full of fragrance as these her sacred offering.

Many years have passed since then, and Bessie is now the happy wife of the young man called to fill the place of the aged one long since gone to God. And as the people now growing old watch her as she passes through the village on some errand of love, they feel that the prayer has indeed been answered, and she has become like the lilies she years before carried to the church.

Puzzles.

A WORD OF FIVE LETTERS.

FOREMOST among the great and good
My first in might in the beginning stood.
With all great armies doth my next appear
Useful alike or in the front or rear.
Behold my third in every verdant plain
Or in the sparkles of the watery main,
My fourth you'll find is foremost with the news,
But ancient learning it does not refuse.
My last on lofty mountain tops is seen
Or in the lustre of the starry train.

My whole for patience you implore;
Of patience he has surely had great store.

BEHEADED RHYME.

A LITTLE maid with flaxen ——
In mother's absence made a ——
Upon the goodies, without ——

She climbed up high upon a ——
When down she slipped, and tore her ——
She raised her head with woeful ——

And with one hand the shelf did ——
But ah, her knuckles she did ——
The smart was like the sting of ——

But back she climbed with wondrous ——
And jelly ate, enough to ——
'Twas strange it did not make her ——

When mother came she said, "I ——
You, naughty girl, I'll whip you ——
And then the little maid screamed ——

P. Q. Z.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

POSITIVE, COMPARATIVE, AND SUPERLATIVE.

Good, better, best.

SQUARE WORD.

J U N E
U T E S
N E V A
E S A U

LINKS SUPPLIED FOR THE DOUBLETS.

PIG, pit, sit, sat, say, STY.

FOUR, foul, fool, foot, fort, fore, fire, FIVE.

WHEAT, cheat, cheap, cheep, creep, creed, breed, BREAD.

PEN, e'en, eel, ell, ill, ilk, INK.

CHIN, coin, corn, core, cote, note, NOSE.

TEARS, sears, stars, stare, stale, stile, SMILE.

WET, bet, bey, dey, DRY.

HARK, hark, hack, sack, sock, soak, soap, SOUP.

PITCH, pinch, winch, wench, tench, tenth, TENTS.

EYE, dye, die, did, LID.

PITY, pits, pins, fins, find, fond, food, GOOD.

POOR, boor, book, rook, rock, rick, RICH.

RAVEN, riven, river, riser, MISER.

OAT, rat, rot, roe, RYE.

WORD, wold, weld, weed, feed, fled, flee, free, TREE.

GRASS, crass, cress, tress, trees, frees, freed, greed, GREEN.

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(Rev. George F. Piper, Editor),

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